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FORCE OF HABIT.

*Fireman:* HURRY UP! THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!

*She:* OH DEAR! must I GO OUT THIS WAY? DO TELL ME, PLEASE, IF MY HAT IS ON STRAIGHT!





"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. AUGUST 18, 1887. No. 242.

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ON a sort of *ars celare artem* principle, the most successful newspaper in August is the one that best conceals the absence of news. Everyone who can rest or play is resting or playing, and the important records are the records of sports, and of the doings of the pleasure-seekers.

The *Volunteer* continues to do what her sisters successfully did in preceding summers. We observe that the esteemed *Sun* has forged a new word in honor of the three victorious sloops, and refers to the period when Noah *burgessed* the Ark. The *Thistle* is coming, but who's afraid of *Thistle* now?

CAPTAIN MCKENZIE has won the chess tournament at Frankfort. Captain McKenzie is not so great a man as Burgess, but we cannot all build yachts, and it is something to beat the best chess players of the world in an international tournament. McKenzie did that, and is justly entitled to be set down as a summer sport.

MUCH discussion has been brought out by the unusual heat of this season as to the summer clothes of men, their shortcomings, their superabundance, their color, texture, and shape. Dr. Cyrus Edson says they should be black to *let* the heat out; Young Dr. Willard Parker says they should be white to *keep* the heat out. Let these doctors dispute. Who would be surprised to find out that Dr. Edson wears white for beauty, and Dr. Parker black for style.

Furthermore, *LIFE* understands that the esteemed New York *Sun* claims to have invented the flannel shirt, and recommends it for general use; while the *Evening Post* insinuates rather than asserts that the flannel shirt is at least as old as civil-service reform, and that men of sense wear it whenever they are so disposed. The *Post* also believes that men's clothes are very well devised and comfortable in this generation, and cannot easily be improved.

THE *Post* is right. A long experience in trousers and waistcoats leads us to believe that those articles are cooler than the state of nature, and that any person who thinks he can improve upon them (except, indeed, by taking the waistcoat off) is a conceited fellow, and only fit to be a savage.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S speech on the status of civil-service reform has been read by a great many persons, many of whom have expressed opinions about it, and many more have thought more than they have talked. The number of these quiet readers, and the sentiments that they do not express, are interesting factors in politics. President Cleveland still, in a measure, represents the civil-service reform idea. He is undoubtedly friendly to it, but he does not seem disposed to wear it out with hard work, and this Mr. Curtis regrets, and hardly concedes that civil-service reform that lives to fight another day is in a more hopeful state than the sort that makes a desperate assault and gets squashed out of existence.

LIFE is very glad to learn that Explorer Stanley is perigrinating in Africa, not at all disturbed by the rumors of his death. The rumors seem to have deceived no one, but merely to have given many newspapers the chance to print such information about Stanley as they had accumulated, or could gather at short notice. Surely if one who can make two blades of grass grow in the place of one is a benefactor of mankind, the person who can make a single obituary notice twice available has done something for newspapers.

THE Emperor of Germany continues to take five meals a day, and the stock gamblers continue to lie about him. Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals continue to gain in strength, and the day of Home Rule rapidly approaches. Prince Ferdinand continues to keep away from Bulgaria, and Editor Katkoff continues in his grave. Everything in Europe, indeed, is about the same, except Mr. Sothern's messenger, who has been released from imprisonment, had the irons knocked off of him, and is on the road once more.

LET us drop a tear on the grave of *John Swinton's Paper*, that died last week of non-support. Mr. Swinton made the mistake of thinking that workingmen like to read about themselves, whereas they would far rather read about the Ghouls and Van Astorbills. Mr. Bonner can give Mr. Swinton points on making a paper for the workingmen. If it is going to be any consolation to Mr. Swinton to see Mr. Henry George presently collapse, there are plenty of prophets to promise him that solace.



THE DEACON GOES FISHING AND BY USING PROPER BAIT CATCHES THE SEA SERPENT.

MR. FOO IS EXCUSABLE.

WONG CHIN FOO writes to the *North American Review* to tell why he is a heathen.

In these days when Sunday-school superintendents remove to Canada with the funds of others; when prominent churchmen accuse others of dishonesty and insanity for advancing original thought; when archbishops indulge in unseemly quarrels with insubordinate priests; when trusted Christian executors rob the children of their dead friends; when the hand of nearly every Christian man in the land is plunged in the pocket of nearly every other Christian man in the land; when one good turn does not deserve another; when virtue goes to the wall that vice may thrive; when water is thicker than blood, and when honor is based not on moral worth, but on financial worth,—an article on why I am a Christian would seem to be in greater demand.

A WRITER on electric motors cries "The horse must go!"

It seems to us that the horse does go, and gives points on going to electric motors.

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO  
THE COUNTRY FOR A FORTNIGHT.

WE are glad to note that our appeal of last week has already resulted in an addition of \$75 to the Fresh Air Fund. The amount is not large, but it means two weeks of healthful country life to twenty-five children to whom green fields and pastures new have hitherto been naught but an impossible dream.

Our thanks are due to the following contributors:

"Fresh Air"	\$3.00
P. E. Tersham	6.00
C. S.	5.00
Unknown	3.00
H. C. Folger, Jr.	3.00
Hector Pockes	25.00
"Ruth and Swazey"	6.00
G. W. M.	5.00
"Judge"	3.00
Fiat Justitia	10.00
Pro Bono Publico	6.00

\$75.00

If every man and woman who has written letters to the press under the last two names would follow the good example of our friends above, there would hardly be a child left in the city for the balance of the summer.

Let us have more!





### THE AMBITIONS OF MEN.

**T**H' untitled Britain sets his heart  
On living well and dying "Bart."  
His soul of souls the Frenchman sets  
On overturning cabinets.

Th' ambitions of the Russian lie  
In scattering Czars throughout the sky,  
And every loyal Roman's hope  
Is to make it pleasant for the Pope.

The Teuton's quite an easy jogger,  
And all he asks is cheese and lager;  
While Uncle Sam's whole life is spent  
In raking in th' immortal cent.

**M**RS. SPRIGGINS says Venice is *docks et praeterea nihil*.

**A**LFONSO, King of Spain, gave a state game of Peek-a-booh to his Cabinet on Wednesday last.

**G**OVERNOR HILL is not a very lofty eminence, although he has no vegetation on his summit.

**T**HE friends and admirers of the late Herr Krupp will be glad to know that he is to be canonized.

**S**EVERAL ballet girls intend suing a Chicago paper for libellous comments on their costumes.  
It is to be hoped they will secure redress.

**T**HE average cost of a Pullman car is about \$15,000. The vestibule car costs \$18,000, but the colored porter will black your shoes for two dollars just the same.

**F**ROHMAN'S messenger boy was arrested in London because he impeded traffic.  
Londoners travel faster than American messenger boys.

**L**INEN was first made in England in 1253, and only worn by the luxurious.  
Collar day is still observed with great pomp by the aristocracy.

**A**PROMINENT broker remarked the other day that the B. & O. would make Western Union sweat.  
Western Union holds water enough to stand a good deal of perspiring.

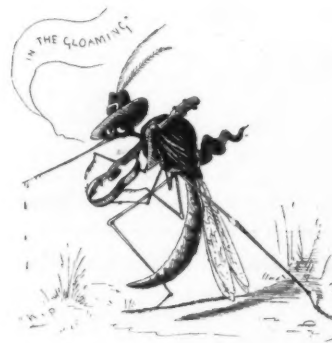
**C**ASTLE GARDEN should be given a thorough raking. There are too many dock weeds and other fungus growths to be found there.

**T**HE Czar writes to the widow of M. Katkoff that he will pray for the repose of her husband's soul.

Mrs. Katkoff should decline the honor at once if she desires her husband's soul to get any repose. The Czar's orders are apt to be disregarded outside of Russia.

**A**MINING exchange says that the Comstock vein has been worked twenty-seven years and is nearly exhausted.

There is a Comstock vein around New York that has been worked about as much as it can stand, but it unfortunately gives no sign of exhaustion.



### A NEW JERSEY DESPERADO.

**A**VERY large number of Irish names end with "agh." Agh generally means field in Irish. Thus Cavanagh means hollow field; Curragh, rice-field.

Cyrus W. Agh would sound a little too Irish for Mr. Field's visiting Dukes, which may account for his not writing himself down an Agh.

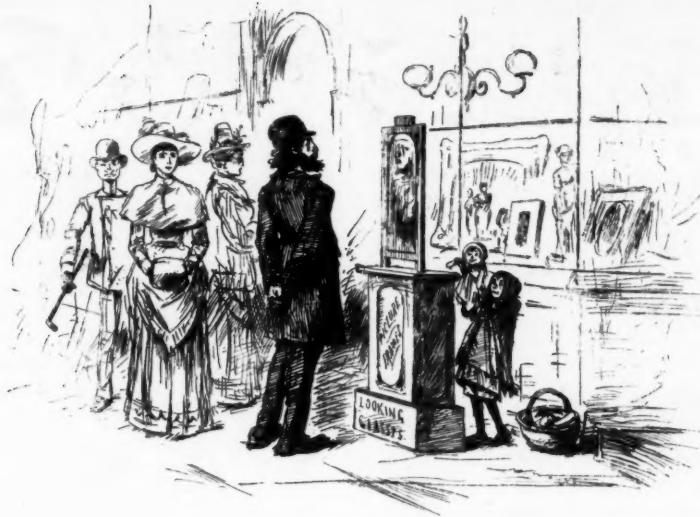
### HE WAS GLAD.

**"J**OHNNY, my son, do you know you broke the Sabbath," said Johnny's mamma, sadly.

"Thank heaven!" retorted Johnny, vehemently.

"Why, John, what do you mean?"

"Oh, well, I'm glad the old thing's broke; I don't like the Sabbath."



### A BIRTHDAY REVERIE.

WELL, Dick, there you are, aged thirty to-day —  
 You've changed some, old chap, beyond doubt ;  
 Your once raven locks are mingled with gray,  
 And your cheek-bones begin to stick out.  
 Quite ruddy your nose, like a sunset in fall,  
 Whilst your necktie is hanging awry ;  
 One can see that your coat has no buttons at all,  
 And you're deucedly bleared in the eye.  
 Who would think to behold you, that four years ago  
 You were known as the pride of the Hill,  
 That instead of stale beer you sipped Chateau Margaux ;  
 Then how small seemed a ten dollar bill !  
 You've led "germans," old boy, and quadrilles by the score ;  
 Your voice was a basso, quite mellow.  
 How your friends, heaven bless 'em ! would force an encore  
 When your bow warmed the heart of your 'cello.  
 At Newport, and Long Branch, and Europe, old man !  
 You have passed the most glorious hours  
 With Rose Fielding the flirt, and dear Florence Anne,  
 And May Somers, and sweet 'Delia Powers.

May Somers, you rascal ! you liked best of all—  
 Nay, don't blush, it is time 'twere confessed,  
 How sweetly she looked at the Munniton's ball,  
 And how jealous she made all the rest.

She passed you in silence on Broadway to-day,  
 And her dress rustled 'gainst your old coat ;  
 No wonder you turned your head quickly away,  
 And less wonder for lumps in your throat.

She's engaged, so they say, to young Dighton at last—  
 Your old college chum, by the way :  
 Would to God we could veil the sad ghosts of the past  
 In the tears that we shed day by day !

What, a tear in your eye ? quickly brush it away,  
 It's too late now to mourn o'er days dead.  
 There's a quarter to earn ere the close of the day,  
 Or else you'll go hungry to bed.

So toddle along, again make an appeal,  
 And pray heaven you move some kind heart.  
 You are thirty to-day, Dick—and wanting a meal,  
 It's a wonder your heart-strings don't part.

M. A. Woolf.

### A HINT TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

DOUBTING the *World's* recent analysis of milk sold in this city, we concluded to make an analysis of the article ourselves. Going into a place and buying a glass of milk, we analyzed it with the following result : Milk, 200 per cent. ; water, 300 per cent. ; chalk, 50 per cent. ; ice, 30 per cent. ; brandy, 15 per cent. ; egg, 20 per cent. ; straw, 7 per cent. ; nutmeg, 5 per cent. Think of that, ye chemists of the *World*, and all in one little glass ! What would a gallon can of milk be ? Surely the Board of Health should look into this milk business.

### HE DON'T WORK FOR NOTHING.

"AURORA," said old Sol, as he sunk into his easy-chair after the labors of the day, "I wish you'd open a bottle of champagne. I'm quite fagged out."

"The wine's going very fast," remarked his prudent partner, as she complied with his request ; "can we afford all this ?"

"Bah !" responded Sol ; "of course. I've stood in with all the ice companies and the laundrymen this summer. Just wait till my fall dividends come in, and you'll see."

## SOME SUMMER PUBLICATIONS.

"BY THE WAY, an Idler's Diary," by "F. F.," is a volume which fills a long felt want. The reading public, we are glad to note, are gradually becoming too fond of books to use their pages for pressing autumn leaves or for hair-curling purposes, and it is an undoubted relief to botanists and straight-banged maidens to find here a volume whose chief utility consists in its adaptability to the purposes named.

"F. F." has certainly shown much good sense in choosing for his title-page sentiment: "'Tis pleasant business making books when other people furnish brains," but it is to be regretted that "other people" had not furnished "F. F." with sufficient sense to hide the light of his "Idler's Diary" under the bushel of oblivion.

THE Messrs. Peterson, who suffer under the great disadvantage of doing business on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia—a combination which would seem to be ruinous—have a very pleasant way of printing exhaustive criticisms of their publications on the title-page of the publications in question.

The latest emanation from this house is the "Princess Roubine, a Russian Story," by Henry Gréville. It is pleasant to learn from a perusal of the title-page that the "Princess Roubine" is a book that all will read and vastly relish. It calls the reader's attention to a fact which otherwise might escape him, and sets at rest any notion he may have that the book before him is hardly worth the time it will take to read it.

It is considerate also in the publisher to tell us in advance that the book is one of the most delicious and captivating novels of the day, for this enables us to speak of the book to our friends in such manner as to give the impression that we are familiar with current literature.

The criticism coming from one who is so conservative as to ply his trade in the locality above mentioned cannot fail to inspire the reader's confidence, and convince him that if he considers the "Princess Roubine" little better than trash, there is probably some error in his literary judgment.

The fact that the publisher has invested his money in the enterprise is certainly a proof of the sincerity of his criticism, and those who find fault with the principle involved in sending publications into the world bearing a certificate of excellence are the very people who cavil because a government issues a five-cent nickel of the same size and general appearance as a five-dollar gold piece, yet fail to place the denomination of the coin on the head or tail thereof, so that sharpers by means of a little gilt and enterprise may reap the reward of the just.

"THE VILLAGE MYSTERY," by Dr. Benjamin F. Mason, is a scientific and historical romance, which opens on a soft, balmy afternoon in May, when a young man with a small arched foot, planted firmly on a rock, stands beneath the shadow of a willow, fishing.

He is apparently an odd young man, for his ringlets hang mischievously over his strong white forehead, beneath which, startling to relate, shine his clear hazel eyes. The author does not record the fact, but we cannot help having a weird, uncanny idea that when the young man smiled he showed his teeth.

His luck is apparently bad, for he only catches a drowning maiden, with a rare sweet face and red lips around her mouth.

Opening with such extraordinary and incomprehensible features, the "Village Mystery" gets more and more mysterious every moment, and when it is finally laid aside at the end of part first, there is still the mystery—which part two may serve to unravel—why did Dr. Benjamin F. Mason write and Frederick D. Whiting, of 44 College Place, New York, publish the "Village Mystery; or, the Spectre of St. Arlyle," and invoke government aid to keep piratical literary men from reproducing the tale?

Wilful waste makes woeful want.

J. K. Bangs.



Mrs. Muldoon: AH, BIDDY, LOOK AT THE BLACK EYE YOU'R GOT; WASN'T YEZ BETTER OFF ON THREE DOLLARS A WEEK AT SERVICE?

Mrs. O'Brien: WHAT IF MIKE DO BATE ME, I'M ME OWN MISTRESS NOW.



### HIS DINNER HOUR.

*H. N. (newly married):* WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. COME UP SOME NIGHT AND TAKE DINNER WITH US.

*C. B.:* THANKS, I WILL. WHAT HOUR DO YOU HAVE IT?

*H. N. (meditatively):* OH, SOMETIMES AT SIX, AND SOMETIMES AT SEVEN, AND THEN AGAIN AT half-past seven, AND, BY JOVE, SOMETIMES NOT TILL half-past eight.

### NOODLEPORT NOTES.

AUGUST 10:—Life at Noodleport this season is as gay and frivolous as ever. The Queen's Jubilee took away a large number of the leading families, but the medium ten seem to have enjoyed themselves the better for it. It has been possible this year for a youth of moderate income to appear on the streets with every one of the buttons on his vest buttoned without being socially ostracized, while the ladies have found it has done them no harm to wear the same dress on two different occasions.

Talk has been about as small as usual, although the absence of the Jubilee circle has done much to elevate the subject-matter.

Owing to the large number of recent divorces in Noodleport circles the list of eligible men and women has been considerably augmented. Several engagements in the divorce set it is expected will shortly be announced, and it will hardly be surprising if two gentlemen, who are fast friends, should shortly be in practically the same position as they would be if they had swapped wives, just as they have hitherto swapped horses, dogs, and other live-stock.

Swellvue Avenue is crowded daily with a most brilliant concourse of equipages, some of which, I imagine, are paid for. A new fashion which has been adopted by the frequenters of the drive and possibly due to the recent behavior of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is that of husbands and wives driving together. It was a difficult matter to get the best Noodleporters to adopt the custom, and it was not until eye-witnesses of recent London events had confirmed the report that the heir apparent and his Princess had been seen in the same vehicle together, that the existing barriers of prejudice were broken down.

The Casino continues to thrive, and the prophecies of certain chronic grumblers that the liquor laws of Rhode Island would ruin the enterprise have proven groundless. Whether this failure in the prophetic line is due to the Casino's reaping the reward of virtue, or to the adoption of a code by which a harmless sounding order may bring forth an insidious beverage or not, I prefer not to say. I have no grudge against the Casino and do not wish anything I may say to

bring it into a conflict with the authorities. I have no objection to saying thus publicly, however, that the milk at this celebrated institution is only second to water in its palatability, and that the gentleman who presides over the destinies of the bar can put together the best H<sub>2</sub>O cobbler I have tasted in many a long day.

There is a growing tendency to a classification of society here. There are three estates, just as in England. The Royal families are those whose wealth—their own or borrowed, it makes no difference so long as the income is there—is over five millions. The second estate consists of those whose fortunes range from one million to five million, and the third are those who can count on any sum between half a million and a million. Those who have less than the lowest sum do not exist, in a social sense.

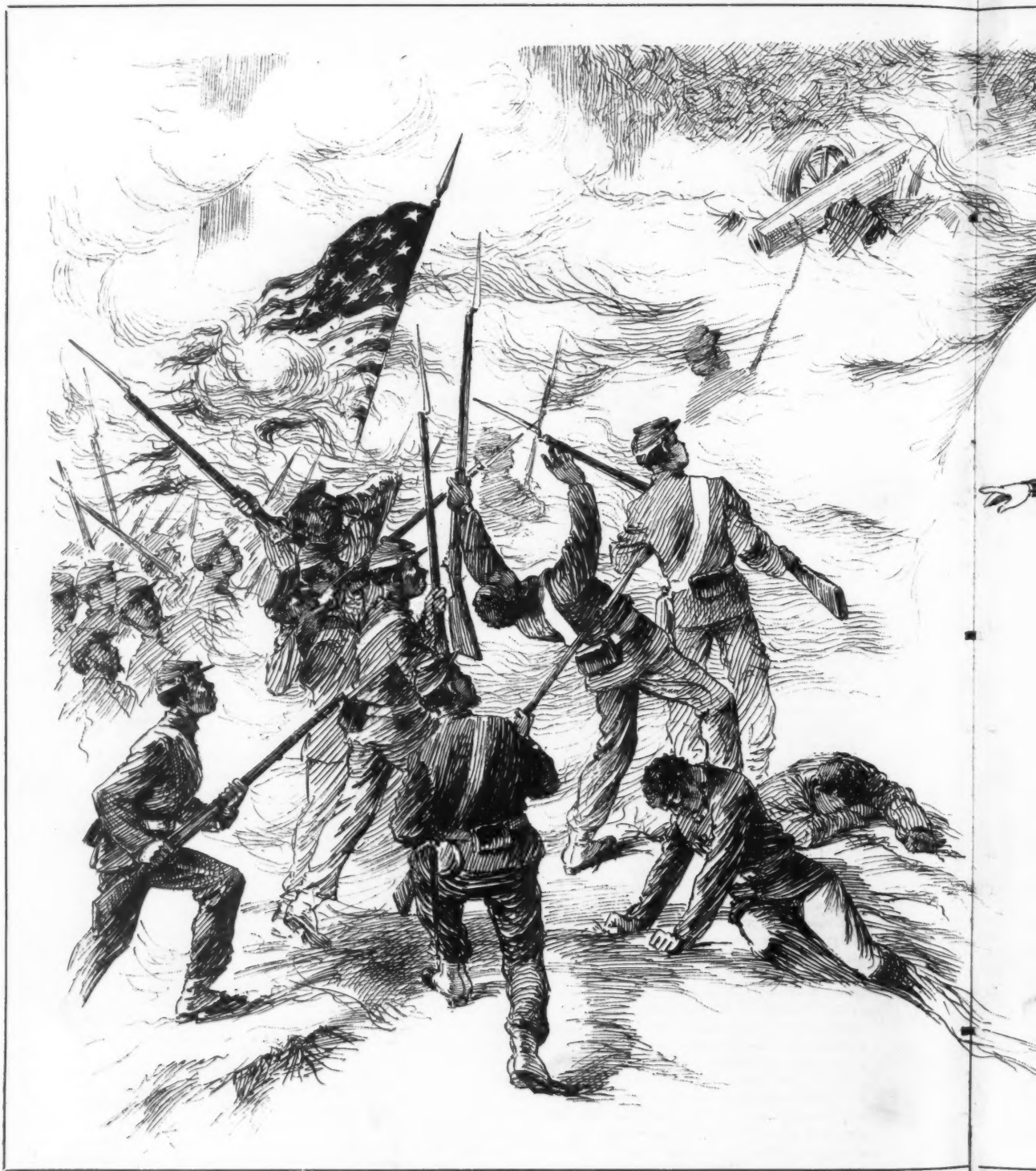
This serves to make Noodleport a delectable spot. It asserts the populace, and keeps each individual in his or her proper place. There is a continual war between the noble and ignoble, and if one party can do anything to put the other party in a ridiculous light it is sure to be done.

One of the Impecunes to whom the columns of the newspaper are open, published a paragraph to the effect that the Prince of Wales attended the Goodwood Races wearing a brown derby hat crushed in in the centre. The next afternoon all the Royalist youth appeared on the cliff with their hats caved in. The following morning the paragraph was contradicted and a cablegram inserted saying that the caved in condition of the hat was due to causes over which the Prince had no control, viz.: a brick had dropped on it.

So it goes; first one is up, then the other. Every once in a while a crash comes and a star in the Royalist firmament is extinguished, or an Impecune comes in contact with kerosene and lights the Royalist heavens to the dimming of their brightest ornaments. In justice to both classes I will say that recruits from either are gladly received by the other, for there is nothing that the Royalists worship more than wealth, and the rich deprived of their competence are no longer objects of dislike to the Impecunes.

*Cholmondeley Harcourt.*





1863-18

NO SHOW FOR COLOR

Colonel Richardson of the Washington Artillery recently wrote a letter to Secretary Beveridge of the International Military Encampment. Beveridge replied that colored troops will not be permitted to attend the international encampment.—*Boston Herald*.

NEGRO SOLDIER: CAN'T COME IN, EH? SAY, BOSS, DOES YO' 'MEMBAH DEM TIMES? YO' WAS GED ENOU





1887.

FOR COLORED TROOPS.

at military encampment at Chicago, asking if negro companies will be allowed to attend, parade and compete in the drill. Secretary  
 AS GOOD ENOUGH TO HAB US 'EM DAYS ON DE PARAPET OB WAGNER AN' IN DE BREACH OB PETERSBURG.



THE events of last week have shown that the *Volunteer* has the right metal in her to try conclusions with the *Thistle*, and encourages the belief that the conclusion will not be trying to American yachtsmen.

It opens up an interesting field for speculation to follow Mr. Burgess to the logical end of his career. A designer, who in 1885 gave us the *Puritan* to beat all previous records, who in 1886 designed the *Mayflower* to show the *Puritan* how the stern of a rival looks in a race, and who in 1887 so models a craft as to throw the *Mayflower* into innocuous desuetude, may be counted on to make for us by 1897 a single-sticker that will require a steam launch and a load of Saratoga trunks to keep her from going over the course in less than no time.

The silken sails of the new boat, we understand, are an enormous success. Certainly, if ever craft deserved to be dressed in silk, the *Volunteer* is the one; and the adoption of this texture for sails will lend an additional significance to the use of the word "she" in connection with sailing-vessels.

We find the same fault with General Paine's selection of a name for his yacht that we found with Mr. Bush for naming his boat the *Coronet*. The name *Volunteer* when painted on the stern of a sloop has no special significance, and it cannot be doubted that that rapidly increasing order of society known as the G. A. R. Veterans will hardly feel complimented when they realize that a craft that is expected to run away from her enemies has been named the *Volunteer*.

General Paine may retort that the *Thistle*, too, is inappropriately named, because no Thistle ever grew that could be called a single-sticker; but two wrongs do not make a right, and the fact remains that *Volunteer* is a bad name for a boat

—without considering the fact that a boat is a she, while the average *Volunteer* is not.

\* \* \*

THE *Thistle* is gradually getting here. Her spars and yawl arrived on the *Circassia* last Monday, and by the time this paragraph is before the public her rudder and keel, which are now sailing over, will probably have been washed ashore. Then will come the dry-docking, cleaning up, rows with reporters and practice spins in the bay which will show the public everything they wish to know but the vessel's capacity for speed. Betting men on both sides will get frightened and hedge. The papers, English and American, will blow about the respective merits of the boats, and with an unerring instinct for scenting out the windless day, the New York Yacht Club will set the race for some date in September, when half-the population of the United States will sail down the bay and float around in a glassy calm in the vain hope of witnessing the event.

In the meantime, LIFE's advice to its readers is to make some arrangements other than the newspapers afford for obtaining foreign or domestic intelligence. All Europe might be plunged in a bloody war, a plague might visit the United States and the Czar of Russia might be blown up and we would not know it if the editors of our great dailies should find it necessary to leave out an article on the contesting boats to admit the news.

The story concerning Queen Victoria at the first contest for the cup when there was no second will be resurrected for a short time, and it may occasion our readers no surprise if it is alluded to more or less in detail in the *Century's Life of Lincoln*—which, up to date, has been very much of a Cyclopædia of Universal Information.

\* \* \*

THE relative positions of the ball nines have not changed materially since we last referred to them.

The Giants are still playing one old cat, and there are strong hopes that a friendly umpire may make enough errors to win them an occasional game.



HOW DUMLEY MADE AN IMPRESSION AT SARATOGA.



TIME 4:30 A. M.

*Farmer Host:* HEY, MISTER, YOU'D BETTER HURRY AN' GIT UP; THE FAMILY IS SETTIN' DOWN TO THE TABLE.

*Boarder (wearily):* THANKS; I NEVER EAT DURING THE NIGHT.

#### NEW DEFINITIONS.

**INCOME:** The sum of one's debts; a mental hypothesis for estimating future prospects on a basis of current expenditures.

**WIT:** The word was originally applied to the residuary estate of Heirotides, an ancient Jester; hence, a legacy of the dead contested by false claimants.

**AGNOSTICISM:** A religious sentiment associated with an excess of emotion in contemplating human perfection.

**WIFE:** A domestic arrangement for sewing on shirt buttons.

**ENGAGEMENT:** A popular means of diversion that grows out of an impression beauty makes on the mind. (Synonym for PROMISE, *i. e.*, something easily broken.)

**PHILOSOPHER:** Any mortal who triumphs over his environment by the art of self-deception; a savant who derives pleasure from shaving with a blunt razor and discovers less solace in a pot of honey than in the poisonous inoculation of a wasp.

**FALSEHOOD:** A logically demonstrable proposition in behalf of spiritual liberty, or material progress.

**RELIGION:** That faith or self-trust which convinces a man that he is right and all the rest of the world wrong; a sense of moral obligation enjoining above other duties a liberal contribution to foreign missions and a prompt payment of pew-rent.

**SERVANT:** The proud survivors of a royal race whose life is spent in humiliating servitude, or in exacting obedience from his employer.

**OPPORTUNITY:** An interval of time which the mind ignores between two dormant states of consciousness; a hole in a circus tent.

**TRUTH:** A supercilious attitude of the human mind and avowed hostility to the dictates of human reason; a sacrifice of the interests of life to the laws of logic.

*Harold van Santvoord.*

#### HOW COULD I GUESS?

A SUMMER fancy—that was all,  
No serious thoughts, no Cupid's thrall,  
For she was rich, a noted belle;  
No danger there, I knew full well.

And so one night I let our boat  
Upon the waters idly float,  
And watched the moon play hide-and-seek,  
And kiss her gently on the cheek.

She was so near, what could I do  
But take her hand like lover true,  
And ask her if she'd be my wife,  
To brighten and to fill my life?

I did not love her, but was sure  
That she, with countenance demure,  
Would say me nay. How could I guess  
That she would whisper softly—"Yes?"

*E. W.*

A FLOURISHING INDUSTRY—Penmanship.

#### A QUARTET.

SHADRACH, MESHACH and ABEDNEGO: We hear, brother, that you, too, have been through a fiery furnace.

NEW-COMER: Yes; I lived in New York last July.



PERHAPS WE ARE SLACK IN THESE THINGS.

*Lord Mumbleham (just stepping over to see a ranch in which he is interested has a slight difficulty with wolves):*  
"WY DON'T THE GOOVERMENT MOOZLE THE BLAASTED THINGS OR PEN THEM HOOP?"



## FIDO IN A NEW ROLE.



1



2



3



4

## SO SAY WE ALL!

"TALKING about the flags," said the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, as they listened to the soft music of the killaloo bird in the palmettos; "there's only one flag I'd care to see returned."

"What is that, pray?"

"The cold-wave flag in the Signal Service tower."

THE only fireproof thing about the average New York storage warehouse is the proprietor, who remains as impervious as a salamander to the flaming indignation of people who, misled by him, have put their property where it would do the most burning.

## SOCIETY ITEM.

A NEWPORT paper says: "A prominent politician and lawyer of New York, who arrived here yesterday, has taken a cottage." Is that all he has taken? Keep your eye on him. These New York politicians will take anything; a cottage is a small item. He may have the town yet.

WHAT is there so excellent as the spectacle of an old man who believes in his fellowmen? asks the *Detroit Free Press*.

We give it up, unless it is the eyeglass of the old woman who doesn't believe in mankind.



A FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A MOSQUITO DISTRICT.

"ARRAH, THIN, YEZ ARE PURTY BIRDS;  
BUT YEZ HAVE MOIGHTY HOT FEET."

## SCRAPS.

THE reporter who received a "lack of attention" from the management of a beach resort, showed so much talent for computing the value of emptiness, that he was presented with a vacancy on the staff of his paper.

POURING Grévy on the troubled waters, in France, has not thus far availed to lull the storm.

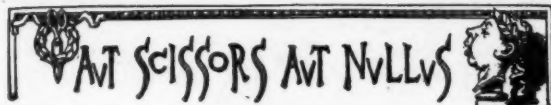
ENGLAND has one cow to every eight and a half persons. The extra semi-individual is supposed to be bound over in half-calf to keep the peace.

DECLINING health will hereafter be the regulation plea against the charge of declining to refuse or withhold a bribe.

THE starched collar, although white, is the yoke of modern civilization, when placed around the neck in hot weather. The required time for boiling it soft is three and a half minutes.

IT is said that the Boston people contemplate boring for gas. If they want to save the expense of going down deep, they should tap the Concord School of Philosophy.

HIGH STRUNG — Telegraph wires.



**DANGEROUSLY HURT.**

**COMMISSIONER:** On what ground do you claim a pension?

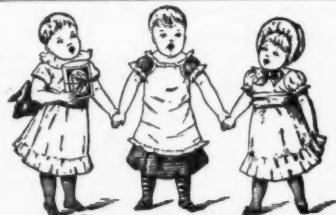
**APPLICANT:** Oh, no; the war was all over before I was born. But I've had my mind all lacerated and torn up and confused like readin' the magazine war articles.

**COMMISSIONER:** All right; I see. I'll give you a pass to the insane asylum.—*Burdette.*

SHE kissed her pug—with haste arose  
And rained upon that creature's nose  
A storm of osculations sweet;  
The Swell reclining at her feet  
Remarked, as he looked sidewise up,  
"I wish that I'd been born a pup."  
Then smiling coldly from her throne  
She said, "And were you born full-grown?"—*Ex.*

THE newspapers are discussing the question who controls a car window—the person who sits beside it or the person who sits behind it. In most cases nobody controls the window. Even the brakeman and conductor can't manage it.—*Lowell Courier.*

**LIBRARIAN** (recording the condition of a book): Page 47 a hole (turns the leaf), page 48 another hole.—*Fliegende Blätter.*



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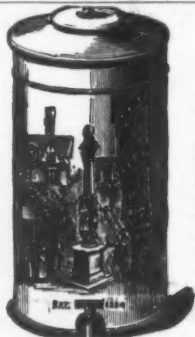
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St. Louis, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable.

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.  
Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know what became of the World balloon. It reached New York in a freight car, which is regarded as quite a triumph in modern journalism.—Philadelphia Call.

WIFE: In the game of lawn tennis, my dear, what is the most difficult thing to acquire?

HUSBAND: The lawn.—Puck.

"JEREMIAH, did you bring that hunk of oleomargarine from town with you?" inquired Farmer Goshem.

"Yes, father."

"Well, jis' drop it inter the churn and call out the summer boarders."—Ex.

CONSISTENCY is not a duel in France.—New York Journal.

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By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

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### BROKERAGE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

SHE: How's the chocolate this morning, dear?  
HE (*absent-mindedly*): H'm—crude cocoa is quoted at 17½; quarter of a point off yesterday's list.—*Tid Bits.*

"WHAT can I use to clean carpets?" Use your husband.—*Danville Breeze.*

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